

"What fools these mortals be!"

Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



"WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY."

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A LUCKY FIND.

THE HIPPO. — How fortunate that I found these! The doctor told me only yesterday that I must take iron pills.

LATEST VERSION.



THE world 's a links,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their stymies, and their fozzle strokes;
And one man in his time plays many games,
His skill being seven stages. At first, the tyro,
Missing and swearing at the little globe;
Then the local player, with his brassie
And happy golfing face, creeping like snail
But willingly towards holes; and then the enthusiast,
Teeing the gutty, with a Highland ballad
Made to his partner's wrist shot. Then, an expert,
Full of Scotch oaths and costumed in the breeks,
Making a gobble; sudden and quick in putting,
Seeking a golfing reputation
Even in the bunker's pit. And, then, the champion,
In well-worn outfit with gold medals lined,
With eyes severe, and half shot of the best,
Full of advice and match play instances;
And so he plays his game. The sixth stage
Shifts into the old and "has been" golfing champ,
With full beard on his chin and clubs on side;
His loud plaid hose, well saved, a mile too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his once piercing voice
Turning once more towards childish "foreing," pipes
And whistles in his play. Last stage of all,
That ends this dialectic history,
Is golfing memories and mere narration,
Sans stroke, sans swipe, sans grip, sans everything!

Arthur E. Locke.

A COMMUNICATION FROM MARS.

The greatest possible commotion prevailed. The entire world was interested. Scientists from every country flocked to the seat of the new observatory. The great telescope, the marvel of the nineteenth century, was the talk of two continents.

This world was on the eve of communicating with Mars. It had been scientifically proved possible. Astronomers watching the distant planet through lesser telescopes had observed the attempts of the Martians to signal to us. They were using a system of great planes and geometrical figures which formed themselves into an understandable code.

Slowly was the big telescope focused on the distant star. Distracted reporters dashed around sending bulletins every five minutes. Aged astronomers waited with trembling anxiety for the great moment of their lives. Hundreds of smaller telescopes were carried along the range of the wonderful new optical instrument.

"The Martians are signalling!" telegraphed an excited correspondent; "in a few minutes more the signals will be read." At last! An eager eye is glued to the glass. The great figures on the plains of Mars move slowly. The world is hushed waiting for the message, the first to break the silence of *Æons*. The first letter is made out with difficulty; the others follow more rapidly. The aged scientist spells out: "R-U-B-B-E-R!" — Rubber!

J. P. C.



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CRUELTY.

"This is no idle joke," remarked the editor, glancing over it.
"What do you mean?" anxiously inquired the contributor.
"Why, it has been worked nearly to death," smiled the editor, returning it.



AS TO THE QUARREL.

MISS NOSUM.—You think you are in the wrong?
MISS ASKINS.—Yes;—don't you think I ought to tell George so?
MISS NOSUM.—Well—er—not until after he has apologized.

HOW TO PAINT THE LILY.

That public taste in matters of art is improving is beyond question. The chromos that in 1876 were boldly put in our dining-rooms and parlors are now relegated to the nursery and guest chamber, and many of us are able to tell a water color from a steel engraving at a glance. But the growth of taste is slow. That our new-born love for art is as genuine as that of the Japanese is shown in the handsome advertisements



PUCKOGRAPHS.—XXVIII.
THE BRITISH MAIN GUY.

that adorn the magazines; the undeniably lovely semi-nudes exhibiting somebody's patent corsets and the Apollo-like forms encased in the finest quality of flannels. Twenty years ago we would have been shocked at seeing such unveiled beauty in any part of the periodical; and even now, if we saw the same ladies in the body of the magazine illustrating a story of artist life and clothed only in the corsets and patent underwear of the advertising pages, we would feel that Mrs. Grundy had grounds for a speech. We are not quite artistic enough yet to stand the human form divine amid the reading matter, although we eagerly look for it among the advertisements.

But there is one field of endeavor that has been but little touched by the artistic awakening. I refer to the placing of advertisements on fences, rocks and trees. Here the desire

has seemed to be not so much to beautify nature as to set forth the merits of some article of merchandise. How often has our (infant) artistic sense been shocked at coming upon a sign of "Hooiland's Spanish Bitters" lettered so abominably that it seemed to make the notes of the birds discordant and the leaves upon the trees out of drawing! Or, if "Puffy's Salt Whiskey" is advertised by painting a huge bottle upon the plane surface of some grand old rock, the painting is not done well enough to make the rock a place of pilgrimage for art lovers.

I take it that the first *raison* for outdoor painting and lettering is the enhancement of nature's charms. Incidentally, if some medicine or electric clothes brush is advertised, well and good: clothes should be brushed. But, my friends, the artist who is sent forth to adorn the rocks and trees that need adorning should be one of tried worth, else nature, so far from being beautified, is in danger of being made commonplace.

Imagine a vista of weeping willows fringing a country lane; a long avenue of drooping green. May be a tinkling brooklet runs by its side, like a colt with its mother. The sun sprinkles the roadway with splashes of yellow light. Such a scene is charming in itself, and if the advertiser wants to make it more beautiful by putting a single letter on each tree trunk so that the approaching traveler may read the legend in the vista, "Use Asfalt's Star Soap," he

must see to it that the lettering is not only well drawn but colored harmoniously, else he not only fails to paint the lily, but—I am not supposing an extreme case—actually spoils a slightly vision.

The time may come when every rock and fence and tree in every land will bear some picture illustrating the virtues of "Hamburg Hams," or "Pears' Evaporated Plums," or "Italian Portable Bath-tubs;" and the sides of the Matterhorn may be lighted up at night with stereopticon views of the "Flat Folding-bed;" but if journeymen painters, who might better be painting houses, are allowed to do the work instead of intrusting it to our Corots, our Rousseaus and our Delacroixes—pretty plural, that—nature will be in a fair way to become actually marred, and we will have some Twentieth century Ruskin preaching to us that to paint rocks and to nail signs to trees is always a disfigurement of nature—which would indeed be a rash statement.

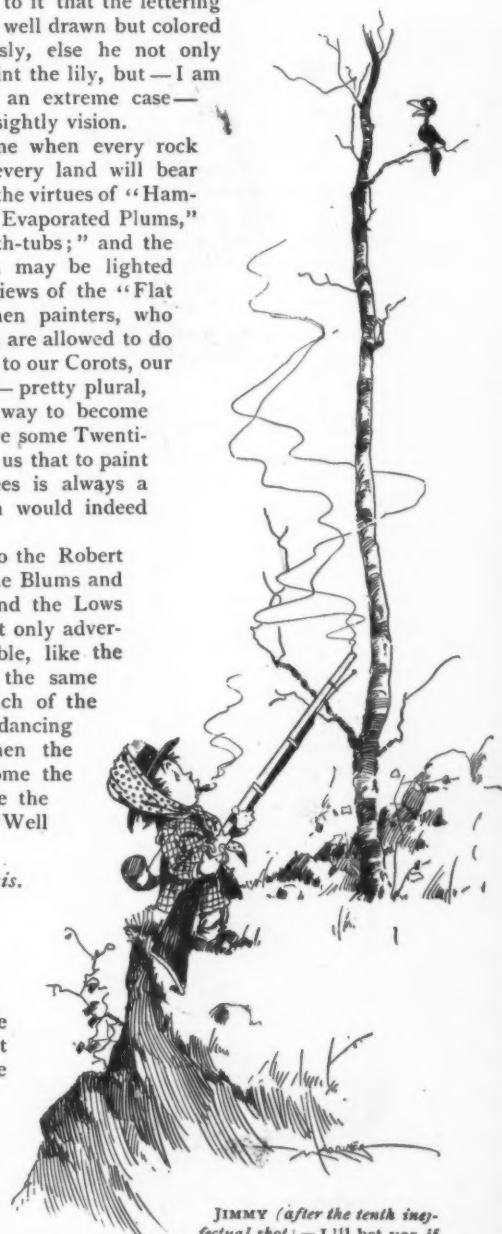
Let us open a competition to the Robert Reids and the Blashfields and the Blums and the La Farges and the Coxes and the Lows or the best design that shall not only advertise something thoroughly reliable, like the Uneeda Bicycle, but shall, at the same time, cover up every square inch of the Palisades with a panorama of dancing nymphs bearing bikes; and then the lordly Hudson will indeed become the cynosure of all eyes, and may be the Japanese themselves will say: "Well done, art-loving people!"

Charles Battell Loomis.

HIS SPECIALTY.

AUNT GRIMM.—There is one reason in particular why I do not favor young Mr. Spoonley;—he is not staid enough.

NIECE GLADYS (*shyly*).—Why, Auntie, he staid last night until nearly half-past eleven, and the night before till almost twelve; but—ah!—I think I can persuade him to remain a little longer to-night, if you think best.



JIMMY (after the tenth ineffectual shot).—I'll bet yer, if I had me sling-shot I'd make yer laff on de other side o' yer bill!



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HIS SPECIALITY.

SISTER JACKSON.—“Stead ob sperinsin’ religion so of’en, Mose, yo’ mought spend some ob yo’ time gettin’ odd’ jobs ter help suppo’t de fambly.

MOSE.—“What yo’ spec, Tilda? We all on us has different talents. Yo’ has yo’s and I has mine.

THE VIEWS OF VIOLA.

ON CONTENTMENT AND CULTURE.

“I WONDER,” mused Viola, “if any one is ever really and truly contented?”

She let the reins fall on Nancy’s neck and flicked that lady’s right ear with her crop, a performance that caused the mare to perform a sort of double-shuffle and throw her head up and down expostulatingly.

“Of course,” continued Viola, “I know that some persons say they’re contented and happy, but I believe they’re just posing; you know there are persons who pretend to like Wagner and flat-heeled boots and Philadelphia. And, of course, it’s easy enough to make believe you’re contented. I suppose I could do that now if I tried.”

Viola frowned perplexedly for a moment in silence.

“No; I could n’t, either; I can’t even pretend to be happy when there is so much to worry me.” Her tone was tragic. “What? Oh! you don’t know; you have no idea! There’s so much!

“Well, in the first place, there’s Papa. Why do we have to have papas? Now, if you’re going to laugh I shan’t tell you another thing! You’re not a bit nice and—and sympathetic. What has Papa done? Everything that he should n’t. You know I—that is, Mama and I—brought Papa down here because we wanted him to have perfect rest and quiet. You know he wanted to go to Lake George, but we decided that Beverly would be very, very much better for him on account of his liver. You see, Papa’s liver is—is—well, I don’t remember just what the matter is with it, but it’s something it should n’t be, and it has to have rest. The doctor told me that livers should be humored.

“And now Papa is aching to get back to New York and his horrid, musty, little old office. Is n’t that mean? After I—that is, after Mama and I—went to all this trouble to get him where his liver would be happy and—yes, contented. He says he won’t stay here—

a day after the first of the month. He says it’s worse here than Brooklyn on a rainy day! And he does n’t try to take any interest in intellectuality. If he would only join a nice reading class, or attend Mrs. Brighton-Allston’s Tolstoi Teas sometimes, I’m sure he would n’t be so dull.

“Think of his liver? What do you mean? I’m sure Tolstoi can’t be half so harmful to the liver as the sort of stuff Papa reads: the New York Post, and those novels by Crockett, all about Scotch people with red heads, and murder, and dead bodies, and such silly, horrid trash! And, gracious knows! we try hard enough to make him read nice books! Why, Mama tried all last Summer to have him read that lovely Beth Book, and he just would n’t. Said the one thing that made him afraid to die was the possibility of meeting the Heavenly Twins! Papa’s so silly sometimes.

“Mama? Oh! she’s giving me almost as much trouble, herself. You see, she’s very, very obstinate; although she says she’s only ‘opinionated,’ whatever that is. I say it is downright obstinacy! You know, Mama has what I call ‘Bar Harbor tendencies;’ she just dotes on Bar Harbor.

There she does n’t have to dress much, and she can sit around all morning, doing nothing, in a cambric wrapper. And here

it is different. No one wears wrappers here; they are not exactly—er—cultured, you know. And she has to dress for lunch, and dress for driving in the afternoon, and dress again for dinner, and—and so Mama is sighing for Mt. Desert. And—oh, dear!—between the two I’m worried nearly to death!

“The other day Mrs. Beacon called. Well, you know what Mrs. Beacon is. She goes in the very nicest set in Boston. But Mama did n’t like her; says she is terribly stupid. You know, Mrs. Beacon uses a lorgnette, and Mama detests lorgnettes; and she says that Mrs. Beacon just sat and examined her all over through her lorgnette and talked about Woman’s Mission to Man and the Influence of Somebody on Modern Thought; Mama could n’t remember who. Now, of course, I know that Mrs. Beacon is—well—a little exasperating at times, but there was no excuse for Mama taking a violent dislike to her and refusing to go to her Burne-Jones Charades to-morrow evening, was there?”

Viola turned out to make way for a red-wheeled trap containing two tweed-gowned girls and a cross-eyed terrier. She nodded enthusiastically as it passed.

“This afternoon? Oh, yes! I would n’t miss it for anything! Really? How perfectly jolly—I mean lovely! Oh, yes! Mama will come, too!”

The trap sped down the road and Viola turned around with sparkling eyes.

“Are n’t they lovely? You don’t think so? Oh! I don’t mean that they’re beautiful, but they’re so awfully cultured and reposeful. Who are they? The Bunker girls. They have been very kind to me; asked me to all their teas and parties. I’m going there this afternoon to a Discussion. What is a discussion? Why, we take someone, you know,—I think it’s to be Ben Jonson this time,—and—and talk about him. Gossip? Nothing of the sort; Jonson



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“IN ABRAHAM’S BOSOM.”

ONCE TOO OFTEN.—A PANTOMIME.

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I.



II.



III.



IV.



V.



VI.



VII.



VIII.



IX.



X.



XI.



XII.



XIII.



XIV.

has been dead—oh! a long time. We discuss him, you know; talk about his Works and all that sort of thing. It's very lovely!"

Viola urged Nancy into a canter. As she did so the little group of wrinkles returned to her forehead.

"And that's another thing that worries me. You see, I—well, somehow my education must have been terribly poor, because I can't think who that man Jonson was. Did—did he write Shakspeare's plays? Was he the man that—somebody wrote a cryptogram about? Did he? Wrote Marlowe's plays, too? Oh! thank you! I wonder if they know that? I'm so glad you told me; because last week when we discussed Chaucer I did n't know a thing to say; all I could do was just sit there like a graven image and say, 'Oh! yes, indeed,' whenever any of the others opened their mouths. You see, I asked Papa about Chaucer and he said he'd look him up in Bradstreet's and let me know. You see what I have to contend with! And Mama said all she knew about Chaucer was that he could n't spell and that what he did spell was unfit to read. I wish you were going to be here all the time.

"Yes, I'm sure you could help me a great deal; you know so much about those old stup—those old writers and things. Really, you have no idea how hard it is to bring one's self up to the proper intellectual plane when one's parents continually drag one back! But I am getting on. I am going to read an essay—no, a paper, on Egbert—no, Edgar Poe next week at Mrs. Brighton-Allston's.

"Smart? Oh! well—I—that is—in fact, you see, I've been so very, very busy that I have n't had time to write it yet; and I thought—hoped—I thought that perhaps you would—would help me, you know. Will you? You see, the only thing I ever read of his was, 'The Bells' and 'The Raven.' And—I suppose—he wrote other things, did n't he?

"You will? Oh, you're a—dear! Condition? What is it? Stay at home to-night? Oh, I can't! It's the Hubber's Elizabethan German, you know. O-Oh! must you? To-morrow? Well—And you'll write it to-night? Then I'll stay. Dear me! that's a terrible load off my mind; you've no idea! And put in lots of nice long words, won't you? They just love long words here. Perhaps you could work in something about Pre-Raphaelism and—and Romanticism, could you, do you think?

My! that will be great!

"And now," cried Viola, "I'll race you to the gate!"

R. S. Powell.

ASPIRATION.

"Dicky, what do you want to do when you grow up?"

"O Pa! I want to run one o' them hot batter-cake wagons!"

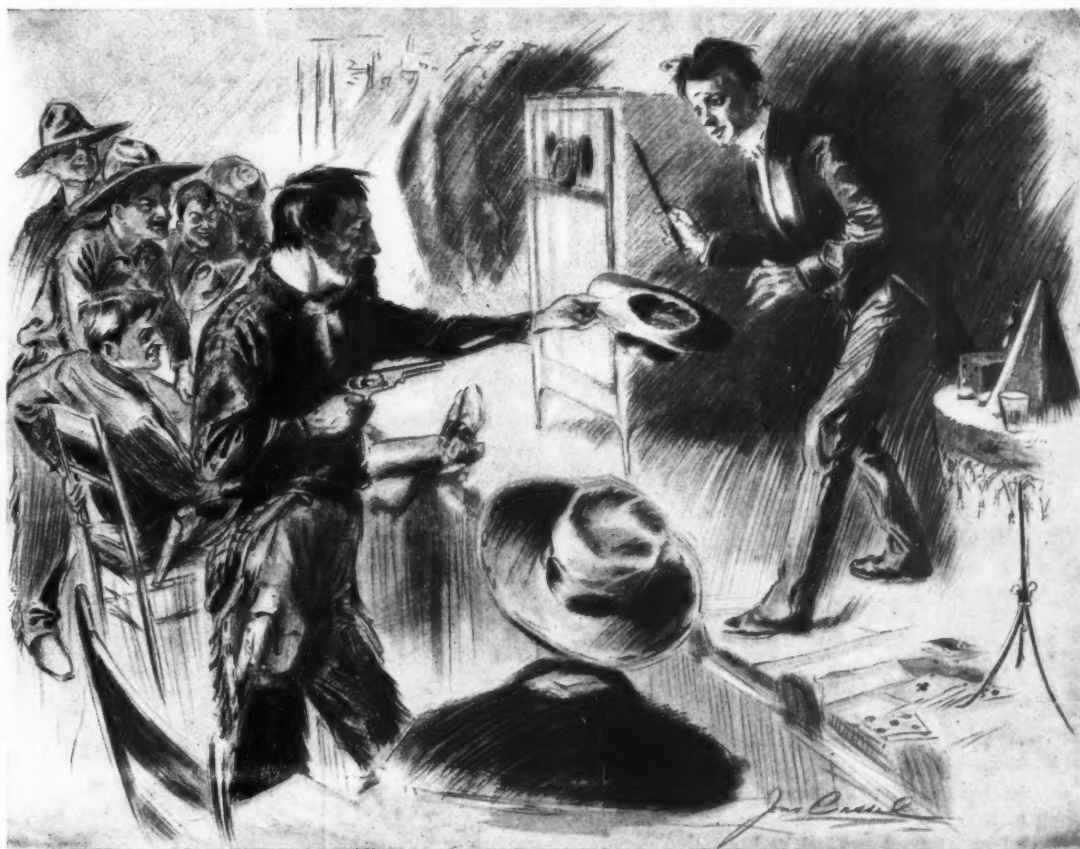
HIS SUGGESTION.

SAM.—I s'pose dem dog shows is good enough but dey cud be made a heap more interestin'.

PETE.—How?

SAM.—Why cud n't dey have dog fights?

ACTIONS SPEAK louder than words, and very frequently the things we have done, boisterously interrupt us while we are telling about the things we are going to do.



SLEIGHT-OF-HAND UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

PRESTIDIGITATOR (*in Frozen Dog*).—Will some gent in the audience kindly lend me his hat to make an omelet in?

BRONCO BILL.—Thar's mine, stranger! And when yer hand it back yer wanten be sure thar's an omelet in it, or thar'll be trouble, for I'm hungry as a coyote.



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NO ALLOWANCE.

MRS. ELDER.—I suppose your constitution pulled you through.
THE CONVALESCENT.—I suppose it did, Ma'am; though from the doctor's bill you 'd think he did it all!

POSSIBLY.

"The tendency to organization in all lines is irresistible."
"Exactly. I think that the Millennium, when it comes, will be incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey."

HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL.

"Miss Gambleton seems passionately fond of amateur theatricals."
"Yes; I think she feels there is always a chance of her being kissed."

CLOSE QUARTERS.

"It served that burglar right."
"What did?"
"Why, he tried to rob our flat, but he got wedged in and could n't get out."

AS TO THE TRAGEDIAN.

"He is n't a star of the first magnitude, is he?"
"No; he's merely a star with a head of the first magnitude."

A GREEDY LAWYER.

"I swanny, if some of them lawyers ain't as graspin' as a steel-trap!" ejaculated honest Farmer Honk, upon his return from the village.
"I s'pose so," replied his wife; "but what set ye to thinkin' about it just now?"
"Why, you know Lyman Tudd sued Chauncey Prilliman for five-thousand dollars damages for slander. Wa-al, I learned in town that the jury awarded him seven cents; and I'll be gol-fried if his attorney did n't whirl in and gobble up the whole thing!"



AND WHEN you have failed, do not plunge into dissipation. If you are a round peg in a square hole, you do not help matters by becoming a rounder.

JOURNALISTIC ENTERPRISE.

"Yes, sir," remarked the publisher of the New York *Everything*, our Christmas edition will be the greatest production of its kind ever attempted. It will contain over two hundred pages."

"Two hundred pages!" exclaimed a friend. "That will certainly give you scope for a wonderful variety of matter."

"It will. It will be a veritable mine of information for old and young. For the children we have prepared a series of illustrations and articles on the society and customs in those heathen lands where the *Everything* is not read, and we impress upon their young minds what would be the salutary effects were Santa Claus to give a year's subscription to the *Everything* to every person in the world. For the ladies we have several pages devoted to an enumeration of the many bargain sales that have been announced in *Everything* during the past year, showing the increase over the number announced during the preceding year. For the men we have a double-page picture showing how many layers deep the people would be packed in City Hall Park should all the readers of *Everything* be compelled to come to our office on Park Row some morning, in order to get their paper. To illustrate our inconceivable circulation, the rest of the paper, except that devoted to advertisements, will be given to pictures of as many miniature human heads as there are readers of *Everything*. And the managing editor thinks it would be a good policy to have a short Christmas poem."

SO LONG as a man burns money, there is no reason why he should n't be somebody's flame.

IT IS not easy to find a commander aggressive enough to suit all the non-combatants.



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NOT IN IT.

FERDINAND.—I am directly descended from an English baron!
PATSY.—Oh! ye poor, miserable slob! Me grandfadder wuz an alderman, me brudder 's a bartender and me dad 's a cop!



PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE ELECTIONS. ELECTIONS ARE over and the country has gone United States. Even the pro-Tagal organs concede it. That was the main issue—whether the country should indorse itself or Aguinaldo. And Aguinaldo will have to pray again for Democratic success. The side results were of familiar character. Kentucky marksmanship was up to the average of former years; Nebraska confessed to local pride; Jones of the Golden Rule did good interference work in Ohio; Quay continues to be the moral thermometer of Pennsylvania; and New York is apportioned as of yore, the State being Mr. Platt's private business and the city Mr. Croker's private business. Mr. Bryan is now—how loosely do words come to be handled!—the “logical” candidate of his party; and Mr. McKinley his logical opponent. We shall expect lively and diverting accounts to issue from the training quarters of these gentlemen during the next year. Meanwhile, chasing without the consent of the chased will continue in all Democratic wards in the Philippines.

THE LOST PARTY. MR. BRYAN'S party has difficulty in finding an issue broad enough to shield it. Free silver was an insufficient barricade; the hard-times issue fell under prosperity; the intrenchment behind anti-expansion has been calamitous; and fear is rife in Bryanite breasts that the Trust issue is wavering. As a party can rise no higher than its head, Mr. Bryan's party will never do much rising. Mr. Bryan does not seem to be a great man. One of the best proofs is that after three years of opportunity to show what was in him, at a time when statesmen were not abundant and when a man who could think constructively, who had a Message or a Plan, was certain of recognition, he has failed to inspire the country with any faith in him. He has had as fair a chance as man ever had, and, to put it in street talk, he has failed to make good. He has done but one considerable thing: he has stolen the livery of Democracy to play his parts in—to play the scold, the socialist, the mischief-maker, the visionary, and the maligner

of his country. And that, of course, makes a melancholy spectacle. Mr. Bryan pretending to be of the party of Jefferson, an imperialist whose like can not be found to-day; of Jackson, who carried on the conquest of Florida; of Calhoun of Mexican War memory; of Cass, Buchanan and Marcy—all rank expansionists—makes one wonder if the Democrat be really extinct. But, if he be extinct, his livery can not long give prestige even to so versatile an actor as Mr. Bryan.

DEWEY'S SURRENDER.

PUCK'S warmest good wishes to Admiral Dewey and his bride. He chooses to present them in print, rather than to waylay the happy couple on the street, as do the general run of their well-wishers. It must produce annoyance, this being made the head of a parade every time you venture out; but we see no escape for Dewey at present. Out-of-door life will be one continual procession with him for months to come. It must be said that he endures these hardships of peace as philosophically as he endured the hardships of war. To the bride we tender our assurance that the Admiral will make a model husband with the same efficiency that he has made a model hero. And to the Admiral himself we would express our congratulation, not only for that he has won the woman of his choice, but because he has, at the same time, given a definite, effectual and final proof of his determination not to be a candidate for the office of President of the United States. The endeavor to exploit him politically was, as he confessed, distasteful; and he will henceforth be free from it.

OUR BIG STORE.

LIKE everything new, the department store has been vigorously denounced. In some of our States laws for its suppression have been enacted. Its opponents will, perhaps, get a new light upon its mission when they learn that it is also being feelingly denounced in Europe, and that the particular department store which has aroused wrath there is the one owned and managed by Uncle Sam. Foreign merchants are making the familiar complaint that this mammoth institution is crushing them; one by one their old customers are being captured. From the little country store of fifty years ago, selling corn and wheat and a few crudely made odds and ends, there has evolved the greatest department store on earth with next to everything on its shelves and with customers in every part of the world. Last year it did a business that exceeded by \$200,000,000 that of any previous year. It is true that this was largely due to short crops abroad; but this year the volume of its business thus far promises that it will exceed that figure, and not in the sale of grains, but in manufactured products in which it has had to compete with its older rivals. There are two classes beside those who condemn department stores that may get light from these statistics. One is composed of the pessimists who maintain that the laborer is a slave, the employer a tyrant and the end of all things near. These should take note that this commerce has meant prosperity to the employed as well as to the employer; and that the period of its expansion has been coincident with the period of Trusts, falsely so called. The other class is composed of the Protectionists who think they have done it all. They should note that, whatever they may have done—and we deny that they have ever done more than retard our industrial growth—there is no excuse for doing it any more. Their only prop is gone.

EVIDENTLY THE SAME MANUSCRIPT.

“F” AUGH!” exclaimed General Weyler; “the conduct of the British in South Africa is to be denounced. It is in direct violation of the rules of civilized warfare.”
“Indeed!” replied a Spanish official; “how so?”
“Why, two of their last victories were exact plagiarisms of some of my old Cuban affairs with a few trifling changes in the grammar.”

NO ESCAPE.

“But,” said the Chinese official, “we’ve got to watch out or some day we will find ourselves in the grasp of some foreign power. Hadn’t we better keep a few coaling stations for ourselves?”
“Yes,” replied another Chinese official; “and if we set up very extensively in coaling stations we’ll soon find ourselves in the grasp of the coal trust.”

A PLEASING MIXTURE.

“Cousin Kitty, what is rag-time music?”
“I can’t tell you, Dickey; but it sounds just like mince-pie tastes.”

THE PUBLIC PULSE.

Nonsense! Public sentiment is with the Boers! Go out among the people and you will find four dogs named Oom Paul to one named Joe Chamberlain!

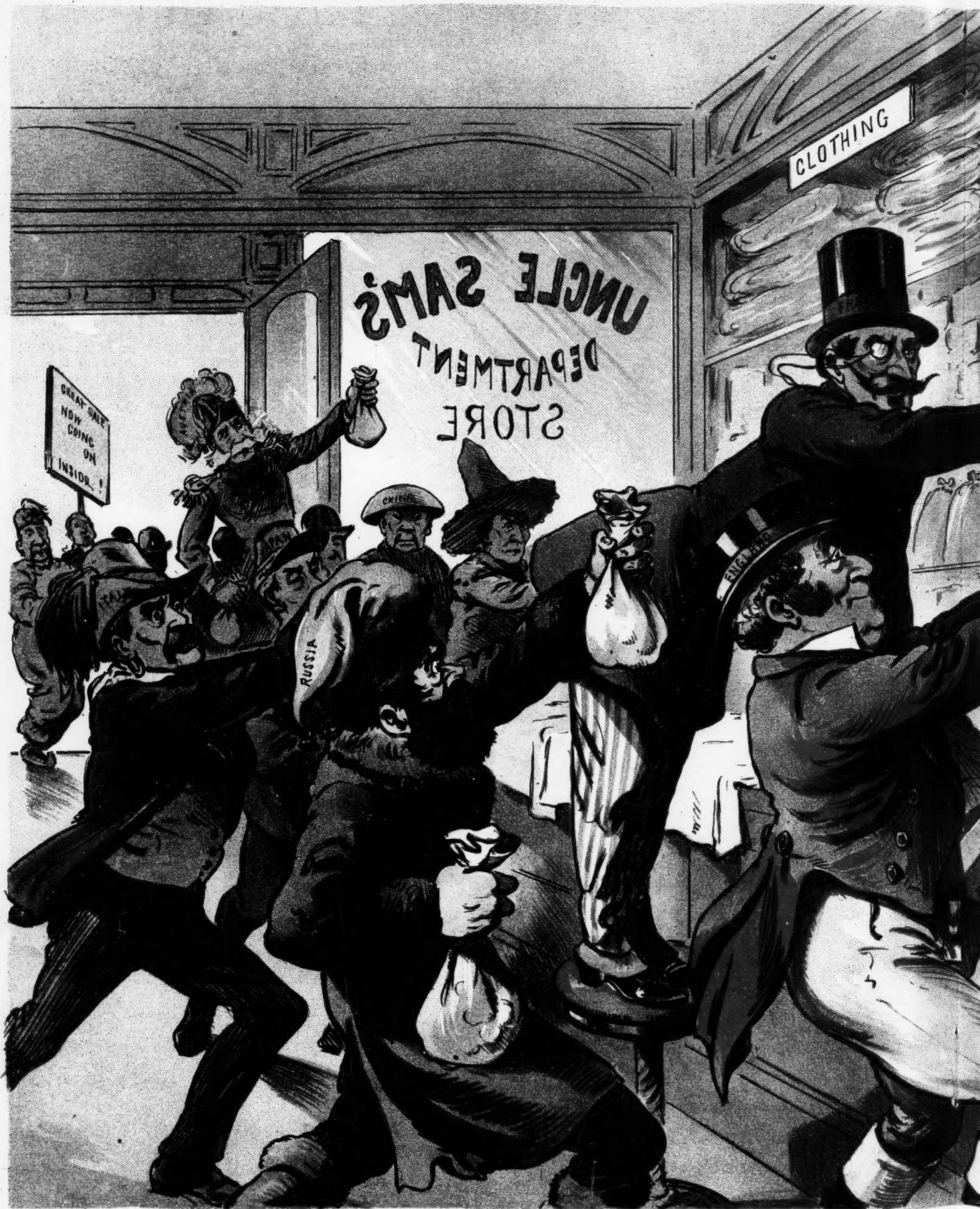
THE QUESTION arises whether Mr. Chamberlain has put his hand to the plow or to the buzz-saw.

SPEAKING OF international arbitration, soldiers are sometimes cheaper than lawyers.



HIS PREFERENCE.

IRISH AGITATOR.—Now is the time for Irishmen to strike for Ireland!
PAT.—Shure and Oi’d sooner shtrike for higher pay!



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THE GREATEST DEPARTMENT STORE ON EA

PUCK.



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

E ON EARTH;—AND EVERY DAY A BARGAIN DAY.

THE WAR CORRESPONDENT.



"ALT!" SAID Colonel Sir Grahame Cholmondeley-Carew, of the Bombay Fusileers, in a commanding tone.

There was no need to speak so imperiously. The troops were tired toiling up the side of the mountain, and they would have been glad to halt at any time within the past two hours. But Colonel Sir Grahame Cholmondeley-Carew was accustomed to command, and he had acquired the habit of talking like that.

"I think," he said to Major Sir Angus MacLaren Murgatroyd-MacLeod, "it will be wise to send forward a reconnoitering party. The Boers may have taken up a position at the base of the mountain and I should prefer to have them try their infernal marksmanship on a reconnoitering party."

"Just so," said the Major; "it is well, in this blasted country, dinna ye ken, to find out what ye're up against. Ye'll pardon the expression, Colonel—I picked it up from the correspondent of the *New York Daily Hustler*."

"I have heard of the—aw—gentleman," said the Colonel, "but I have n't met him."

But just then a wild-eyed man clambered rapidly up the side of the mountain.

"What the devil does this mean?" he said to the Colonel.

"Why stand paltering here when the foe is before us?"

The Colonel regarded him with a hauteur that is seldom found outside of novels designed for boarding school consumption.

"Who the devil are you?" he inquired.

The wild-eyed man returned the hauteur on the spot, with sixty per cent. interest.

"I'm the correspondent of the *New York Hustler*," said he.

The Colonel, being an old Indian campaigner, did n't lose his nerve, though it was plainly not in the same class with that of the correspondent.

"I must humor this maniac," he said to himself.

Then, speaking to the correspondent, he said: "My friend, am I to understand that you are running this campaign?"

"Sure!" said the correspondent. "That's what the editor sent me here for. The situation is just this. I cabled my people, yesterday, that we were on the eve of a big battle. I've got New York excited. The people are standing this minute in crowds, in front of the bulletin boards, waiting for news. I feel it in my bones that Extra No. 11 is going to press. And you halt your regiment and dare to disappoint the readers of the *Daily Hustler*!"

"But," remonstrated the Colonel, "you don't want me to lead my men to possible slaughter. I want to reconnoiter before we attack. I take it you are not anxious to be shot."

"That's where you're wrong," said the wild-eyed man.

"I nearly lost my job for going through the Spanish war without getting shot. You ought to hear the roasting I got. I tried to explain to the editor that it was the fault of the Spaniards, but he would n't listen to me. 'A war correspondent,' said he, 'should be ubiquitous, and if he were really ubiquitous even the Spaniards ought to be able to hit him. Did n't the *Daily Shouter* man get shot? When bullets are flying the *Hustler* expects its share. We don't insist on a serious wound—a flesh wound will do—but remember that we pay you to be ubiquitous.'"

"Well," said the Colonel, "suppose you go with the reconnoitering party."

"Reconnoitering party, be blowed!" said the correspondent. "What I want is a battle."

"In due time," said the Colonel, soothingly, "but not until after we reconnoiter."

"You persist in this infernal obstinacy? You decline to advance without further delay?"

"I do," said the Colonel.

"Then listen, Sir Grahame Cholmondeley-Carew!"



SYMPATHY.

THE PURITAN.—Is it not monstrous that a man should be put in the stocks for obeying his conscience?

THE CAVALIER.—In sooth, it is! Most men who are put in the stocks manage to have some fun before they get there.

I shall denounce you to the American public as an incompetent aristocratic British ass!"

The Colonel shuddered, but, by a great effort, he regained his composure, and adjusted his monocle.

"Remove this person," he said to Tommy Atkins. And Tommy Atkins advanced—his not to reason why, his not to make reply—and bore the struggling correspondent to the rear, and deposited him on a rock among the ammunition wagons, and stood guard over him to see that he did n't blow up anything.

THE PROCESS OF DISINTEGRATION.

"Have we any more naval bases at our disposal?" inquired the Chinese statesman.

"None," replied the government official.

"None! Great Woodengod! That leaves us in a deuce of a fix."

"How, O Perfumed Sire?"

"Why, an English missionary was assaulted yesterday!"

IN KANSAS.

TOURIST.—Any curiosities around here?

RESIDENT.—Yes; you'll find a non-partisan farmer up the road.

AN INFERENCE.

"Who originated the sentiment, 'Principles, not men'?"

"I don't know; but I suppose there were charges against his candidate."

A DRAWBACK.

MAMA.—Now, be careful not to hurt yourself.

JOHNNY.—Oh! how can you have any fun if you are always being careful not to hurt yourself?

THE STERNNESS of Fate may be a good deal ameliorated by the right kind of a disposition.



WEARING.

FIRST NURSE.—My missus stays home a good deal lately.

SECOND NURSE.—Kinder hard, ain't it?

FIRST NURSE.—Awful! I have to watch the baby all the time.

HER BEAUTIFUL PLAID FROCK.



HER RAINY-DAY skirt has come home —
When weather 's bad she still may roam;
And yet she says, with pout and fret,
"Won't I be vexed if that gets wet!"

HER LACK.

MRS. HOON (*indignantly*).— I wonder why Mrs. Gableton does n't mind her own business?

MR. HOON.— One reason is that she has no mind, and another is that she has no business. She has no business to mind if she had any mind to mind it, and no mind to mind her business if she had any business to mind.

A REGULAR COLORED SUPPLEMENT.

"Your narrative is too highly colored," remarked the editor, returning the bulky manuscript.

"In what way?" inquired the disappointed author.

"Why," replied the editor, "in the very first chapter you make the old man turn purple with rage, the villain turn green with envy, the hero turn white with anger, the heroine turn red with blushes, and the coachman turn blue with cold!"



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CHANGING HIS MIND.

WESTERNER.— You had an idee of doin' somethin' in the way of gold minin'?

EASTERNER.— Yes; but I 'm beginning to think there 's more money in the saloon business.

HOPE FOR THE CHURCH.

LUCRETIA.— Archibald, this scientific article says that there are microbes even in the Bible.

ARCHIBALD.— Is that so? Well, if religion could be turned into a stylish disease I dare say it would be more popular.

OF COURSE.

LITTLE DICK.— Uncle Richard, what is bric-a-brac?

UNCLE RICHARD.— Bric-a-brac is anything you knock over and break when you are feeling for matches in the dark.

"THE POET," said the man who expects to be appreciated by posterity, "is born; after which, he merely exists."

RUMOR HAS a thousand tongues of which about nine hundred are devoted to scandal.



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NOT HUNTING TROUBLE.

POPLEIGH.— Say, old man, come up to the house to-night; we are going to have a little time — going to name the baby. My mother-in-law and Baby's uncles and aunts are going to be there. I wish you would come.

BENTHERE.— You must excuse me, Popleigh; I never mix in family quarrels.

A WESTERN CYNIC.

FIRST POPULIST.— Yes; he 's a mighty queer man — mighty eccentric. He 's a cynic, a regular pessimist, if ever there was one.

SECOND POPULIST.— Ah! thinks the world is goin' ter the dogs, does he?

FIRST POPULIST.— No; he 's all the time predictin' good crops an' good prices. Says things are goin' along so blamed smoothly that our political principles are gittin' ter be a back number.

A FOEMAN WORTHY OF HIS STEEL.

HIS SON.— I could n't sell dot Scotchman nodings to-day, but he vill come back to-morrow.

THE CLOTHING MERCHANT.— You better vatch oud, Ikey, undt don't let him get der best of you!

A BAD CASE.

DOCTOR.— You are troubled with insomnia?

PATIENT.— Terribly. I can't even sleep when it 's time to get up.

BOTH REMINDED.

SPINNER (*a long-winded bore*).— That reminds me of a story. A fellow by the name of Dubblehook went —

GRIMSHAW (*springing up*).— That reminds me of a lie! I've got to go home!

APROPOS OF woman's demand to be clothed with political prerogative, it is proper to make it perfectly plain that political prerogative is never warranted not to crock.

THE SINS of the father are visited on the children unto the third and fourth generation; that enables the lineage to be distinctly traced, whereupon the fifth and subsequent generations are received in the smart set.



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"INDIA RUBBER."

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Holds the List of the
Highest-Grade Pianos.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not
confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with
one of a similar sounding name of a cheap
grade.

Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R
New York SOHMER BUILDING
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They stretch more than any other suspenders
and do not lose their stretch as others do.
The "Endwell" at 50c. A cheaper model at 25c. Sample
pairs post-paid on receipt of price. Nicked drawer
supporters free to purchasers who send their fur-
nisher's name if he does not keep Chester's.
CHESTER SUSPENDER CO.
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RALSTON HEALTH SHOES For Men. Price, \$4.00

The next time you buy a pair of shoes ask
your dealer for these
shoes or order them direct
from the factory. We
guarantee you thorough
satisfaction, comfort, fit,
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SEND FOR
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PAPER WAREHOUSE,
22, 24 and 26 Bleecker Street.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

THE alarm clock usually catches a fellow nap-
ping.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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customer—best of materials and workmanship. Name,
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large and rapid sales.

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Absolutely Reliable Always

Remington Typewriter

STANDS THE TEST OF CONSTANT SERVICE
Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict
327 Broadway, New York

BOKER'S BITTERS

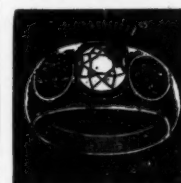
Quickly Cure Stomach Troubles, brought on by Heat and Overwork.

Wool Soap

is made from the purest fats—the best grade
of pure mutton tallow. It is just the soap

For Toilet and Bath

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VERY STYLISH GYPSY RING.

Very heavy and set with extra
fine stones; setting as good and
made on the same principle as a
gold-filled watch case, set with
one beautiful, brilliant Barrios
Diamond and two Rubies, Sap-
phires or Emeralds. Mailed to
any address in the world upon
receipt of price, \$1.00. Has the
appearance of a \$500.00 ring.
Warranted to wear forever and
not to tarnish the finger.

THE POMONA COMPANY, 1181-1183 Broadway, New York.



AT THE CLUB.

HAROLD.—What's that article you're cutting out of the magazine?
RUPERT.—An article on "How to prolong life!" My rich Uncle Jack always
drops in here about three o'clock, and the first thing he tackles is the magazines!

THE Keeley Alcohol, Opium, Drug Using. Cure

The disease yields easily
to the Double Chloride of
Gold Treatment as admin-
istered at these KEELEY
INSTITUTES. Communi-
cations confidential. Write
for particulars.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.
BUFFALO, N. Y.
LEXINGTON, MASS.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
WEST HAVEN, CONN.

AN old girl never appears to such a poor advantage as at a dancing party. She
always seems to be weighed down with that unclaimed feeling.—*Atchison Globe.*

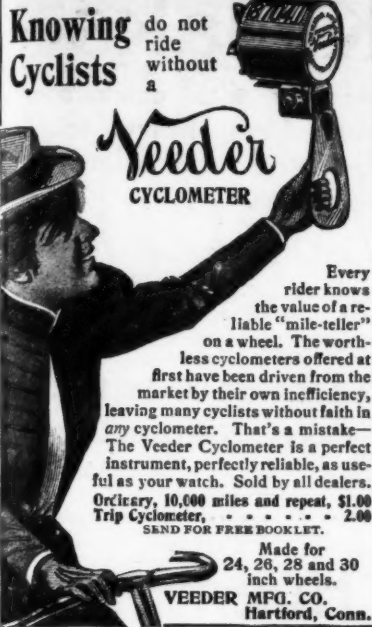
Don't fail to try
BEECHAM'S PILLS
when suffering from any bad
condition of the Stomach
or Liver.
10 cents and 25 cents, at drug stores.

PRAYER meeting talk is not a sure
criterion of piety.—*Ram's Horn.*

Goe's Eczema Cure at drug stores. The world's
surest cure for all skin
diseases. Samples Free by mail. For Chem. Co., Cleveland, O.

Best Line to Chicago and the West—NEW YORK CENTRAL.

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VEEDER MFG. CO.
Hartford, Conn.

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You can get all these in the popular
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25 cents for 10.

A Solid Silver curved box worth \$15.00 made to hold 10 Van Bibber Little Cigars given FREE! Write for fac-simile booklet of all particulars.

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The American Tobacco Co., Successor.

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Makes Flesh and Blood.
Gives Health to All.



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Combines
Perfection of Quality
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Absolute Purity

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Leghorn, Italy.
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The Age of Inquiry.

The present has been described as pre-eminently the century of inquiry.

The constant and universal question that is echoed from every side, is "Why?" Ask any of your friends why they prefer Van Houten's Cocoa to any other, and one will immediately tell you "it has the highest nutritive value;" another will reply "it is more easily digested and assimilated than other cocoas;" and a third will probably answer "it is perfect in flavor, and rich in healthy stimulating properties."

In reply to the question "Why?" *The Lancet* says:—"Van Houten's Cocoa yields a maximum proportion of the valuable food constituents of the bean."

Why is it the best for children, for mothers, and for family use? Because it is rich in that digestible Albumen which nourishes the body, and in the Phosphates which build up bones and tissues; because it repairs waste; and also because you can get out of it more strength and nourishment than out of any other.

HAVE YOU TRIED
VAN HOUTEN'S Eating CHOCOLATE?



HE DID N'T.

THE WINNER.—Yo' kain't expect ter bluff a hand like dat?

THE LOSER.—No. Dat am not de sort ob hand I done s'posed I was bluffin'!

Be sociable. Prove to your friends that you appreciate their friendship by serving them *Cook's Imperial Champagne Extra Dry*.

If you need a tonic, the tonic you need is Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters; no other so bracing and pleasant to take. Get at grocers or druggists.



COLGATE'S SHAVING SOAP

AUDITORIUM HOTEL, Chicago.

"My customers are greatly pleased with its exquisite perfume, and I can vouch for its merits as a Shaving Soap."

JOHN BECKER.

A PAIR.
"Heard the news?"
asked the first gossip.
"About what?" demanded the other.
"About the two interesting things that happened at Jagger's house last night."
"No; what were they?"
"Boy and a girl."
—Catholic Standard and Times.

WANTED GERMAN PUCK
Nos. 213, 214, 417, 425, 442 and 541.
A liberal price will be paid for the above numbers of German PUCK if delivered at this office in good condition.
Address, PUCK, New York.

Bright's Disease
Diabetes, Stone in the Bladder, and various other diseases of the urinary system.

NOT AN UNMIXED BLESSING.
MRS. WISE.—No, Tommy. If your grandmother's spectacles were broken, she could n't see to knit your mittens.
TOMMY.—Well, she could n't see the sugar-bowl, either, could she?—*The Jewelers' Weekly*.

—WISDOM—

W.W.W.
(THREE W'S)
Pure Rye Whiskey.

IF YOU ARE WISE BE CAREFUL
WHERE WHEN AND WHAT
YOU DRINK.
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Prof. Weltmer's Unprecedented Success
Continues to Dumbfound and Astonish the Scientific World.

No discovery of late years has created such a profound sensation as Prof. Weltmer's method of healing the sick. Medical and scientific men the world over stand, agape at the wonders being performed by this new and grand method. That it does the work has never been questioned for a single moment as prominent men and women everywhere endorse it. Rev. Jas. O. Swinney, founder of Fitchett College, Glasgow, Mo., after suffering for many months with bladder, stomach and prostatic troubles, and failing to get even relief through old time methods, was cured by this great healer. Mr. J. E. Small, Colfax, Ill., was totally deaf in his left ear for three years. Was fully restored by Prof. Weltmer in three days. Not only does Prof. Weltmer cure hundreds of people at his infirmary at Nevada, Mo., but he possesses the remarkable ability to cure at a distance, and does this with the same wonderful ease. Hon. T. T. Rhodes, Prosecuting Attorney, Paris, Mo., was greatly afflicted with sciatic rheumatism. He was restored in 30 days by absent treatment. Mr. H. E. Rose, Novelty, Mo., had a large goitre on his neck that was literally choking him to death. It was removed in a single night by this eminent healer without seeing him. Thousands, all over the world, relieved in the same manner. This is positively the only known method that will restore lost vitality and kindred troubles. A copy of the *Magnetic Journal*; a forty-page illustrated magazine, giving a list of the most miraculous cures on record, will be sent free to any sufferer.

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Full instructions sent free to those writing to Prof. J. H. Kelly, Sec'y, Nevada, Mo.

A COMPLIMENT FOR LUNA.

"Thass th' fines' bishykle gash-lamp I ever s-saw."
"Idiot! Thass th' m-moon!" —
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PARALYSIS Locomotor Ataxia conquered at last. Doctors puzzled, Professors amazed at the return to health of patients thought to be incurable, by **DR. CHASE'S BLOOD AND NERVE FOOD.** Write me about your case. Will send proof of cures with advice free. Dr. Chase, 224 N. 10th St., Phila., Pa.

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BLAIR'S PILLS
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1.
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Is what good judges say when
you ask them what they think of

Hunter Whiskey

For They Appreciate Its

Quality
Age
Flavor



Sold at all First-Class Cafés and by Jobbers.
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Your Home and Your Business

should be adorned with Naturally Prepared
Palms, Arecas, Ferns, etc. They last
forever, need no care, are impervious to heat
and cold, and all that kills plant life.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."



2533 Rosesprays, 14 ins. long, per doz., \$2.40
2200A Palm Plant, 36 ins. high, each, - 1.25
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2150 Fernish, 7 ins. diameter, each, - 1.50
Natural Palm Leaves, per hundred, - 2.00
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FRANK NETSCHERT,

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Vaupel's Uric Acid Cure

absolutely cures and prevents a return
of Gout, Rheumatism, Lumbago, and
all kindred diseases.

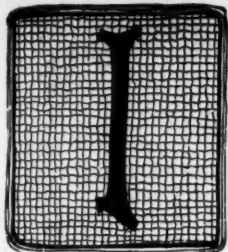
It acts as a soothing laxative, dispell-
ing all poisonous matters caused by
affection of the Uric Acid, and, unlike
other so-called remedies, contains noth-
ing injurious, and if the directions,
which will be found with every package,
are intelligently followed, permanent
relief will be accorded.

Price, \$1.00 by Mail or of all Druggists.

Prepared only by

The Vaupel Samaritan Co., 47 Sheriff St.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

UNCLE OBED'S WARPATH.



'M A-GOIN' tew the city as I allers uster do,
I 'm a-goin' tew the city as I went in "ninety-two;"
I 'm a-goin' tew the city on the airy train ter day,
And I 'm goin' "incognyto," as them furren lords ud say.
Fer my reddish grizzly whiskers I have dyed a shiny black,
And I 've got another suit on and I 've changed my carpet sack,
And my hull blame fit-aout 's diff'rent from the rig I allers wore;
So I hope tew meet some friends er mine I 've met up there afore.

I 'm a-lookin' fer the feller with the oily, black mustache,
With the red and yaller westcut and the dimon's all a-flash,
Who has got a chance tew make a dozen thousand aout er stocks,
And will "let me in fer fifty," so I 'll git one-ha'f the "rocks."
I 've a pretty leetle present that I 've fetched along fer him,
It 's a tough and lively cowhide and I 'll give it with a vim;
It 's a souveneer tew freshen his remembrece, understand.
Oh! I want tew meet that feller and tew grasp his honest hand.

I 'm a-lookin' fer that feller who makes money — bless his heart! —
That is so much like the reel stuff that they can't be told apart,
(But that looks jest like brown-paper when the bundle is unrolled); —
And that "minin' speculator" with the brick made outer gold;
And that poor, sick, starvin' feller with the dimon' ring, yer know,
That was left him by his mother and he hates tew part with so;
Every j'int and muscle in me, from my fist daown to my boot,
Wants tew meet them chaps and greet 'em with a welcomin' salute.

Yes; I 'm goin' tew the city but my cash is outer sight
In my inside westcut-pocket, and that 's sewed up good and tight;
There 's a time-lock on my gripsack, and I 've left my watch tew home,
And I 've got a big hoss-pistol, so jest let the rascals come;
Let 'em come once more tew "bunco," I 'm a-layin' fer the chance,
They jest made me pay the fiddler, now, b'gosh! I 'll make 'em dance;
They 'll be wuss used-up blame swindlers than yer ever looked upon,
Fer I 'm goin' tew the city, and I 've got my war-paint on!

Joe Lincoln.

UNMOVED.

"The candidate," said the citizen who had been at the meeting, "made
a fine speech about standin' by the flag."

"Just so," said the other man; "but when he gets his job the best the lazy
cuss 'll do 'll be to sit down by the flag."

JUST SO.

"Just think how the history of the world would have been changed if
Alexander the Great, Cæsar, Hannibal, Napoleon and Clive had been in favor
of arbitration!"

"Yes, indeed! They could have come pretty near whipping any body
who was n't."

MILITARY CRITICISM.

FIRST FILIPINO.—I don't think Oom Paul will last very long.

SECOND FILIPINO.—No; I guess the old man is n't much of a sprinter.



AT HIS OWN FIGURES.

COHENSTEIN.—I got dem goots at a parguin!

ISAACS.—Vot vas der brice?

COHENSTEIN.—I did n't asgk; I got dem at sixty days!

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do away with cumbersome
plate-holders, heavy, fragile
glass plates, and bothersome
dark-slides.

Just turn a Key—

All Kodaks use our light-proof film cartridges
(which weigh but ounces, where plates weigh
pounds) and can be loaded in daylight. Seven
styles use either plates or films.

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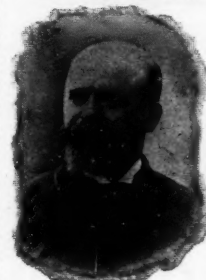
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Beeman's

The
Original

Pepsin
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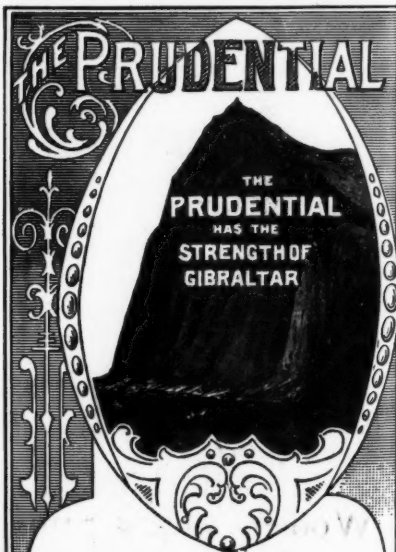


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All Others Are Imitations.

CANDY

Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50
for a superb box of candy
by express, prepaid east of
Denver or west of New York.
Suitable for presents. Sample
orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.



"Life Insurance"

it has been said, "is a
mere matter of dollars and
sense." Common sense
and good business judgment
both dictate that protection
should be provided for in-
dividual, domestic and part-
nership interests.

Write for information.

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO.
OF AMERICA.

John F. Dryden, Pres. Home Office, Newark, N.J.



A Dainty Breakfast

The morning meal is apt to set the pace for the day. If dainty, simple and sufficiently nutritious, one leaves the breakfast table with a feeling of well being that fortifies for the day's duties.

Cream of Wheat

contains, in greater proportion than any other cereal food, the elements necessary to brain and muscle making.

Your choice of nine beautiful gravures, size 8 x 10 inches, mounted on fine mat 15 x 17 inches, will be given you FREE by your grocer with each purchase of two packages of Cream of Wheat, the Breakfast Dainty.

CREAM OF WHEAT CO., Minneapolis, Minn.

HIS HELPFUL SUGGESTION.

The Snake Editor was puzzled. The editor of the woman's page was on her vacation and he had charge of her department, temporarily. Finally he made a stab at the thing thus:

"DÉBUTANTÉ.—No; we would not advise you to serve five o'clock tea in mousseline de soie. Could n't you borrow a few cups and saucers?"—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

A COMPETENT chiropodist does more for humanity than a whole army of political agitators.—*Washington Post.*

**Arnold
Constable & Co.**

FALL AND WINTER

Woolen Dress Stuffs.

Venetians, Homespuns, Cheviots, Tweeds,
Camel's Hair.
Cashmeres, French Fancy Wool Plaids.
"Pims" Scotch Clan Poplin Plaids.

Imported Embroidered Robes.

Fancy French Flannels.

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TO CHICAGO via NIAGARA FALLS.

Three handsome trains with through palace sleeping cars, leave Grand Central Station, New York, daily, via the New York Central and the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," for Detroit, Chicago and the West. All trains passing Niagara Falls by daylight stop five minutes at Falls View Station, directly overlooking the great cataract. For folders or other information, apply W. H. UNDERWOOD, Gen. East. Pass'r Agt., Buffalo, or O. W. RUGGLES, G. P. & T. Agt., Chicago.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. L. L. Lebanon, Ohio.

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THE "NEW GEM" SAFETY RAZOR

SAVES TIME, MONEY AND PATIENCE.

IMPOSSIBLE TO CUT THE FACE
MAKES SHAVING A PLEASURE

A PERFECT DEVICE FOR SHAVING. A NOVICE CAN USE IT

NO PRACTICE REQUIRED

NO GENTLEMEN'S DRESSING TABLE OR TRAVELING BAG COMPLETE WITHOUT IT

Safety frame blade and handle ready for shaving

THE NEW GEM SAFETY RAZOR IS WITHOUT A RIVAL BECAUSE IT IS PERFECT

NO BEARD TOO HARSH DOWNY THE NEW GEM MOWS THEM ALL WITHOUT A PULL

PRICE \$2.00 POST PAID.

AUTOMATIC STROPPING MACHINE AND STROP IN POSITION READY FOR SHARPENING BLADE—PRICE \$1.50

THE ONLY SAFETY RAZOR THAT IS GUARANTEED AND KEPT SHARP BY THE MANUFACTURERS FOR ONE YEAR.

THE LARGEST SAFETY RAZOR MAKERS IN THE WORLD

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678-680 HUDSON ST.
NEW YORK.

A FEMININE SEARCH.

BIBBS.—How de do, Bob? Where 's Sis?

BOB (Sis's husband).—Gone shopping.

"What did she want?"

"Nothing."

"Then why did she go shopping?"

"To see if she could find anything that would make her want something."

—*New York Weekly.*

MRS. CRIMSONBEAK.—I see a fellow out in Philadelphia has been sleeping for two weeks.

MR. CRIMSONBEAK.—I suppose he'll wake up some day and find himself famous.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The Beefsteak Dinner

with its happy influence of good cheer and good fellowship turns for an incentive to

Evans' Ale

which is the factor of the feast from start to finish. It opens the way to many a good old rousing chorus.



A BACHELOR'S IDEA.

JEWELER.—This style of mirror is the prettiest produced this year. Look at the beautiful ornamentation on the silver back.

CUSTOMER.—Who expects a woman ever to look at the back of a mirror?—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

A BOSTON man recently paid \$30,000 to have a pink named for his wife. Gee whizz! Why, we will name our whole flower garden for his wife for a less sum than that.—*Norristown Herald.*

"Unmatched in flavor"

Nestor Cigarettes

"In the van to stay"

ART FOR THE JURY.

"I have a lovely idea to use in connection with my divorce proceedings," said the society woman to her sympathizing friend.

"And what is it, dear?"

"I mean to illustrate the principal phases of my petition with moving pictures!"

"How perfectly charming!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A LIMIT.

"Now," said the careful newspaper man as he showed the statesman an interview, "you are quite sure you said all this."

"Yes," was the reflective answer; "I'm sure I said it; but I can't be sure about how long I'll remember I said it."—*Washington Star.*

The Force
behind the force

Is the educated mind which plans and directs the work of others. You can rise to a higher position without interrupting your work or leaving home. You can get

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We have prepared successful Mechanical or Architectural Draughtsmen, Electrical or Steam Engineers, Architects, Surveyors, Chemists, Correspondents, Stenographers and Bookkeepers. Write for circular. Mention the profession you wish to enter. The International Correspondence Schools, Box 918, Scranton, Pa.



SIGNS OF PROMISE.

"This young man," said the professor in the Transvaal, "simply lets me go on asking questions without attempting to answer them."

"So!" exclaimed Oom Paul. "I'll make a diplomat of him. He'll be a credit to the family."—*Washington Star.*

ACTUALLY INSULTING.

CONDUCTOR (hastily).—How old is that child?

YOUNG MOTHER (indignantly).—Do I look old enough to have a child old enough to pay fare?—*New York Weekly.*

YEAST.—I hear the organization is going to send our friend Boodles to Albany, next Winter.

CRIMSONBEAK.—Indeed! Legislature or Penitentiary!—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Avoid all danger of disease from drinking impure water by adding 10 to 20 drops of Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters to a glass.

Vici Kid
Vici Friction Polish
Vici Paste Polish

THE BEST SHOE LEATHER, THE BEST SHOE DRESSING, THE BEST SHOE POLISH. NO ONE ELSE MAKES THEM, OR CAN MAKE THEM.

ROBT. H. FOERDERER, Philadelphia.

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METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

EVERY MAN COMMITS A CRIME AGAINST COMMON SENSE IF HE DOES NOT WEAR THE GENUINE GUYOT SUSPENDERS



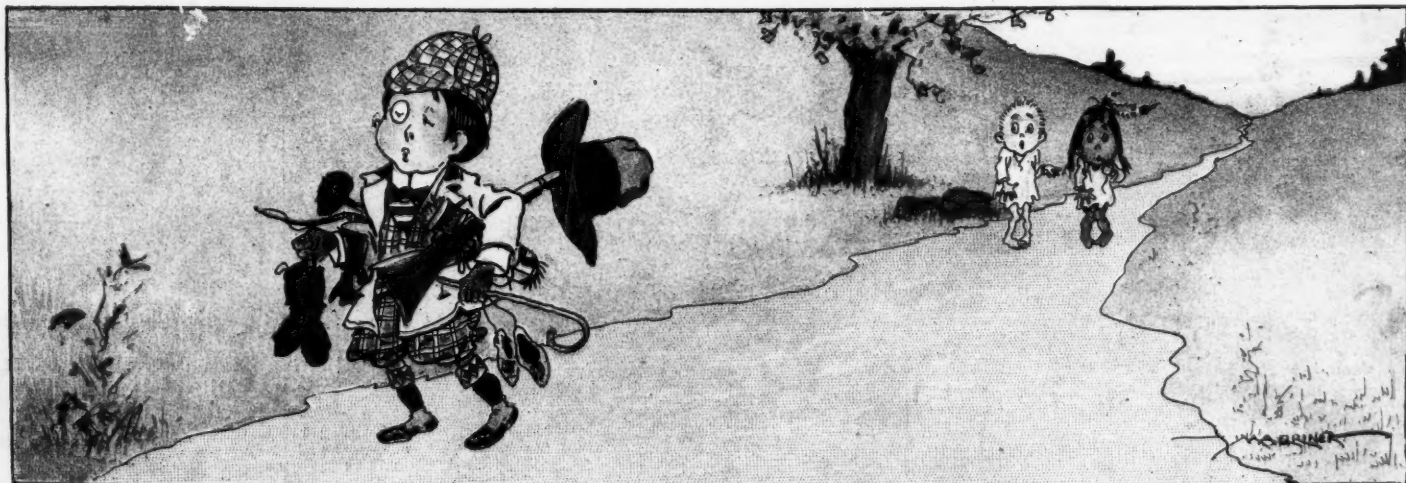
TARANTULA TEDDY. — Gee! Look at de tenderfoot acomin'!



"We'll learn him de game and den we won't do a t'ing to him!"



THE TENDERFOOT (*aside*).—Possibly these fellahs don't know I 'm from New York!



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"There are more ways than one of collecting Western relics, don't you know!"

A PLOT THAT FAILED.